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GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT HAS WON himself many friends in recent weeks by the calm dignity, skill, and thoroughness with which he has conducted the investigation of the charges against Mayor Walker. It would be impossible to imagine Mr. Hoover conducting a similar investigation with equal ability. As a campaigner, the Governor has also shown himself quick to take advantage of the rich opportunities for exposing the inaction, the hypocrisies, and the absurd assurances and prophecies of his opponent in the past three years. When in his speech at Columbus the Governor turned from criticism to his own program of remedies, however, he revealed the weakness and vagueness that have characterized him in this direction from the beginning. He proposed more drastic regulation of securities and of holding companies, but did not say what specific measures he would recommend. Even the New York Stock Exchange is more strict in its requirements for listing investment-trust securities, for example, than New York State is in permitting their incorporation or the sale of their securities. He proposed federal regulation of stock and commodity exchanges, but he did not say either what the regulations should be, or why he has never, as Governor, suggested their enactment in New York State, where the principal exchanges already are. He proposed "vastly more rigid supervision" of national banks, but made no mention whatever of State banks, which account for 85 per cent of all the bank failures of the past ten years. He did not advocate that State banks be compelled to enter the Federal Reserve system, and he said nothing of the record of his own State, particularly with reference to the Bank of United States. He proposed the separation of investment banking and commercial banking, but did not say why New York State has not attempted to use its own powers in this direction. His lack both of courage and of solid understanding laid him open to an easy reply from the right by Representative Snell and a more searching reply from the left by Norman Thomas.

THE MOST DEPRESSING FIGURES that Americans have had to read in the past two years have been the official reports of employment published monthly by the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics. Those figures have now reached a point that would have been considered utterly fantastic and incredible had anyone dared to predict them in 1929 or even in 1930. The number of employees in more than 63,000 manufacturing industries, representing every important branch of factory employment, fell off 3 per cent in July to 55.2 per cent of the average level in 1926. Pay rolls were cut even more drastically. They declined 6.1 per cent in July to only 36.2 per cent of their 1926 level. Put in plainer words, this means that nearly one-half of all the men and women normally employed in factories have been laid off, and that the actual income of those remaining at work is hardly more than a third of the normal income of factory workers. These are the crucial statistics of the depression. Here is what that depression finally means in human terms. But these shocking figures do not seem to impress American newspapers. Almost nowhere are they considered front-page news. The New York *Herald Tribune* could find the space for less than four inches of type about the matter under its six-column report of the entire text of a routine campaign speech by Secretary Mills. The New York *Times,* to its credit, printed two columns on the report, but was apparently unable to print it on the front page because still another airplane had crossed the Atlantic and the assistant mayor of New York had said some uncomplimentary things about the comptroller. But when in the face of these official figures the United States Employment Service, under the direction of Secretary Doak, issued two days later an utterly misleading statement about the "expansion of industrial activity" in July, which on examination turned out to be mere vague cheerfulness without statistical support, the *Times* found room for this on its front page, and the *Herald Tribune* was convinced that the subject called for three-quarters of a column.

FIGURES OF THE NATIONAL INDUSTRIAL Conference Board supplement those of the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics. The board's figures do not go beyond June, but they show for that month a decline of 5.6 per cent in number of men employed as compared with May, and a decline of 42.8 per cent as compared with June, 1929. Average weekly earnings even of those remaining employed fell during the month 5.4 per cent to $16.24, a decline of 43.4 per cent in the average weekly pay envelope from June, 1929, when weekly earnings averaged $28.69. After it has allowed for a reduction of 22.2 per cent in living costs in the meantime, the board finds that "real" weekly

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earnings have still declined 27.3 per cent for those remaining in employment. Hourly wage rates, in spite of all the pious announcements against their reduction, have come down 15.3 per cent in the three-year period. With this employers' organization supplementing the federal government's own report to the effect that at least four men out of every ten employed in 1929 are now walking the streets, what becomes of President Hoover's astoundingly complacent announcement that "there shall none suffer from hunger among our people?"

WHY MUST WE GO TO SCHOOL to study economics when we can learn all we ought to know from Vice-President Curtis? In his speech accepting renomination he disclosed a number of astonishing discoveries concerning the current economic depression. For example: "If the farmer cannot sell, he cannot buy. Likewise, if American laborers are unemployed, they cannot buy, and when these two cannot buy there is a decline in the demand for American-made goods and American products." Certainly not even the most brilliant of our professional economists can quarrel with that. But Mr. Curtis occasionally makes a mistake. He said that "the present Administration has taken active steps to put hoarded and idle money in circulation. The records show that it has been successful." Mr. Curtis offers proof: The currency in circulation in October, 1929, amounted to $40.23 per capita; by October, 1930, it had fallen to $36.30 per capita; but by June, 1932, it had risen to $45.50. Thus, when business was brisk there was less money in circulation than when business was dull. Of course, the average citizen did not need as much currency in June of this year as he did in 1929; the fact that he did have more shows that he must have been hoarding a part of that money. As an additional argument for the reelection of the Hoover-Curtis ticket the Vice-President declared that although there had been "a temporary but severe decline" in the foreign trade of the United States "as a result of the world depression, yet in 1931 our exports were still valued at the tremendous sum of $2,424,000,000, compared with only $1,370,000,000 in 1900." If this argument is sound, then we ought to sweep the Democratic ticket into office, for in 1920, the last year of the last Democratic Administration, our exports were valued at $8,439,474,000, "compared with only $1,370,000,000 in 1900."

"PUDDLER JIM" DAVIS, Senator from Pennsylvania, is in trouble again. The man who was Secretary of Labor "under three Presidents" has been indicted by the Federal grand jury in New York City on charges that he violated the lottery laws. According to the United States District Attorney's office, the indictment was brought against Davis because of his position as director-general of the Loyal Order of Moose, which is alleged to have conducted two lotteries. However, the same office said it has evidence that the Pennsylvania Senator received sums in excess of $100,000 as his share of the profits of the lotteries. Leaders of other fraternal organizations were indicted at the same time, including Conrad H. Mann of Kansas City, said to be a personal friend of President Hoover. Mann is an official of the Fraternal Order of Eagles. Tickets amounting in value to $5,000,000 were sold in various lotteries which federal agents have been investigating since February. It was reported that the prize-winners received only $225,000 of this amount. Senator Davis, though not without some difficulty, was finally able to refute charges brought against him some time ago that he had received stock in a sugar company at about the time the Senate was considering a change in the tariff on sugar. He is confident that the present charges likewise "will prove false." Unhappily, Davis is running for reelection in November, and he fears that the indictment may influence the voters against him. In view of the fact that the investigation leading to the indictments was undertaken by Republican officials, it seems unlikely that the action of the grand jury was politically inspired.

THE REVOLT AMONG THE MINERS of Southern Illinois, which we discussed last week, seems likely to create a situation similar to that which has obtained in the coal fields of Kentucky for the past two years. There have already been several killings in Illinois—a local union official, who opposed not only the operators but also the State and national leaders of the United Mine Workers, was murdered in front of his home. When a committee of university students who wanted to investigate conditions in the Southern Illinois fields approached the town of Mount Vernon they were turned back by deputy sheriffs from Jefferson and Franklin Counties and by State troopers. Five members of the committee were held under arrest overnight and then released on condition that they never return. A sixth member, Reverend Victor Siverts of Meadville Theological Seminary, who was arrested without formal charges being placed against him, at this writing had not yet been released. Meanwhile, the authorities were holding several units of the State militia in readiness in anticipation of disorders in the Bloody Williamson country. The national guard was mobilized when 15,000 miners marched upon Taylorville to persuade 500 men who had resumed work in the Peabody mines there to join the rebel strike. The Taylorville miners were among the few who accepted the new wage scale which John L. Lewis tried by personal fiat to force upon the 30,000 Illinois mine workers after they had twice rejected the proposed scale. This time it appears that the Lewis leadership in Illinois will be permanently broken.

GERMANY'S FINANCIAL PREDICAMENT has been overlooked in the excitement attending the recent elections. Now that the political campaigns appear to be over for the time being, it is discovered that the German economic situation has been growing steadily worse. There has been a slight improvement in some lines of business activity, but this has been more than offset by drastic declines elsewhere, especially in foreign trade. The export surplus in July was valued at only 66,000,000 Reichsmarks, and that for June at less than 79,000,000 Reichsmarks. This is far from sufficient to meet the service on Germany's foreign debts, which requires a monthly outlay of at least 140,000,000 Reichsmarks. The domestic trade situation, particularly as reflected by railway earnings, has also declined. A few leading bankers and industrialists believe that a trade revival is imminent, basing this belief on the boom in Wall Street, but their confidence is not shared by the ordinary citizens of Germany. In fact, through June and July there was a marked increase in withdrawals from savings accounts by small depositors, one financial report describing these with-

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drawals as "menacingly heavy." For the government the most important problem at the moment is that of raising additional funds for unemployment relief, but it can think of no way of doing this except by printing more money. The government at the same time has been deluged with appeals for assistance from many municipalities in the industrial sections which have incurred huge deficits in feeding those among their own unemployed who are ineligible for federal relief.

A NEW JAPANESE DRIVE toward Mongolia has begun, and this time the Japanese militarists appear to be in earnest. They have invaded the province of Jehol, which they consider an integral part of Manchuria, though the Chinese themselves have never looked upon it as such. Their ostensible purpose is to effect the rescue of Gonshiro Ishimoto, a military intelligence officer who is imprisoned in Jehol. But many observers believe the invasion of this province, which borders Mongolia proper, is simply the next step in a prearranged campaign of conquest which Premier Tanaka hinted at five years ago. Moreover, the Japanese are again attempting to distract the world's attention by crying out against the resumption of the anti-Japanese boycott in Shanghai. It will be remembered that Japan invaded Shanghai last spring quite clearly for the sole purpose of keeping the world's interest centered on that city and away from Manchuria, where Japanese troops were "consolidating" their position. Lastly, the necessity for "pacifying" Mongolia was discussed not more than a month ago by General Sadao Araki, Minister of War, who is generally considered the real power behind the present government. Writing in the Army Club's monthly magazine, he said:

> There is every possibility that Mongolia may prove a greater barrier in the way of Japan's mission of peace and order than Manchuria ever has been. It is no idle boast to declare herewith that if there is anything that would dare obstruct the way for the propagation of Japan's mission of peace, the Japanese would be ready, in spirit at least, to make away with it.

"SWEET LAND OF LIBERTY" is the title the American Civil Liberties Union places on its latest annual report, which has just been published. But the report shows that despite the uncertainties and the feeling of insecurity arising out of the economic situation there has been no marked growth in official repression of civil or human rights. Indeed, a majority of the correspondents of the Civil Liberties Union "thought that tolerance for minority movements had increased." This is most encouraging. We hope it signifies a genuine change in the attitude of the authorities. But of this we cannot be sure, for the report itself suggests that the apparently more liberal attitude of the authorities can be attributed to the fact that the workers and unemployed generally have remained meek and orderly. On the other hand, in Pennsylvania, Michigan, and Kentucky, where radical agitators have been more active and unrest widespread, violations of civil rights have increased. Even in discussing the country as a whole, the Civil Liberties Union does not, of course, mean that the millennium is approaching. It cites a long list of cases wherein civil rights have been violated in almost every field of human endeavor. Moreover, it declares that apart from official lawlessness, "an extraordinary crop of mob violence arose during the year, all directed against radicals. It is the first year for a long time in which such acts of violence have been so numerous or widespread." The "most active agents of repression" during the year, the report asserts, were the American Legion, lawless police, the D. A. R., and various employers' associations.

AN ASTOUNDING EXAMPLE of the official lawlessness which the Civil Liberties Union is attempting to combat was only recently presented in the police court in White Plains, New York, when forty-two spectators at a trial were arrested without warrants on the suspicion that they were aliens who had entered the country illegally. They were attending the trial of Helen Jackwin, accused of unlawful assembly because she had spoken at a street meeting of the local Unemployed Council without first obtaining a permit. Just before the trial started City Judge Francis R. Doherty ordered the court chamber cleared, saying he wanted to get more fresh air, although the windows of the chamber were wide open at the time. The spectators went into the corridors, where forty policemen placed those who looked like foreigners under arrest. They were taken to police headquarters and there questioned, without benefit of counsel, by agents of the Department of Labor. Eight of the spectators who could not produce citizenship papers were promptly sent to Ellis Island for deportation. In protesting against this unlawful action, the Civil Liberties Union declared in a message to Secretary of Labor Doak: "So far as we can learn the raid was made without warrant. Many persons not aliens were taken into custody. In all our experience this is the first time we have ever heard of a raid on a courtroom."

LAUREL AND HARDY, those two quiet but violent film comedians who regularly reduce to complete and satisfying destruction any movie set in which they are turned loose, to the complete and satisfying amusement of their numerous admirers, have been visiting Scotland. The following account of their arrival in Glasgow is reprinted from the sedate columns of the *Manchester Guardian:*

> There were extraordinary scenes in Glasgow shortly before midnight last night when Laurel and Hardy, the comedians, arrived from Edinburgh.
>
> In the stampede in the Central Station nine people were severely injured by crushing and were taken to the Royal Infirmary, while a number of others were treated in the ambulance-room on the station.
>
> Fully 8,000 people crowded the station. The visitors were literally carried off their feet, and were so powerless in the crush that they were unable to prevent admirers from snatching small articles from their pockets as souvenirs. The white heather tied with tartan ribbon, which they were wearing in their buttonholes when they stepped from the train, was quickly snatched away.
>
> There was further excitement outside the Central Hotel, where a stone balustrade collapsed under the abnormal pressure. A man and a woman were injured by the debris, while others who ran to avoid being struck found themselves in the path of an oncoming tramcar, and in the further stampede which followed several persons were knocked down.

We merely wish to add that, so far as we know, the above "continuity" was not a motion picture.

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Rebels Without Ideas

THERE is something profoundly pathetic about the "farmers' holiday" recently declared in the vicinity of Sioux City, Iowa. The farmers have "struck"; they refuse to send their products to Sioux City, and they are picketing the highways to prevent trucks from bringing other products in. The "holiday," they announce, will go on until they can obtain $1 a bushel for their wheat or until they are paid for their other products "cost of production plus a fair profit." The strike reveals the mood of desperation to which the farmers have finally been brought by the course of events, but it also reveals the lack of any concerted program, the lack of any thinking through of consequences, the absence, in brief, of fundamental economic intelligence.

What are likely to be the results of such a strike, if it continues? In so far as it is directed or can be directed chiefly against the residents of Sioux City itself, it may attain some measure of success. The farmers may be able to obtain slightly higher contract prices for their milk. That milk is of course being wasted during the strike, but a higher contract price might more than offset this loss. With eggs and perishable vegetables the results will be more dubious. The farmers will lose these during the strike, and when it is over, prices, if higher, will remain so only temporarily. With non-perishable vegetables the results may be even more unfortunate. At the end of the strike they will all be dumped on the local market at once, depressing prices for the time being more than ever. For products with a national market, like hogs and corn, or with an international market, like wheat, the strike will be completely futile. "Holidays" in such products could succeed only if they were nationwide or worldwide; when they fall short of that, the result must be that any price rise resulting from them must benefit those farmers who do not take part in the strike at the expense of those who do, for as soon as the strike is over, and the produce withheld is offered on the market again, the price, other things equal, falls back to the level where it was before. No permanent price increase can be brought about by mere withholding of goods; there must be a curtailment of production itself.

The rebellion of the Iowa farmers, therefore, is not merely destined to practically complete failure, but it deflects attention from whatever remedies are really possible. In the last generation the American farmer has shown something less than astuteness in perceiving where his real interests lie. His voice and his vote, for example, have been among the main supports of our prohibitive tariff. That tariff compels him to pay more for nearly everything he buys from the city. By cutting down what the outside world can sell to us, it cuts down equally what that outside world can buy from us, including farm products. By choking the channels of international exchange, it forces a contraction of export industries everywhere, and undermines world confidence. For years, however, the farmers have been bamboozled into supporting the tariff through their acceptance of the completely fallacious argument that it has raised American wages and the American standard of living. Many of the farmers were taken in even by the farcical tariffs on those farm products which we export on net balance. The farmer remains comparatively indifferent to the crying need for tariff reduction, and he seems impervious to any thoroughgoing radicalism. True, he has turned to all sorts of quack remedies—more "credit facilities," though he is already staggering under a load of unpayable debt; export debentures, and Farm Boards to support the world price of wheat and cotton. Recently he has been learning to see the futility of these, but he has still formulated no general program in place of them.

The same type of confused rebellion is seen in the recent history of the bonus army. Neither the men nor their leaders now know precisely what their aims are. Do they want a cash bonus simply for ex-service men, to be paid to those men simply because they have served in the army, and to be paid to them regardless of whether they are employed or unemployed, in need or not in need, wealthy or poor? Or do they want, really, not an ex-soldiers' bonus at all, but simply unemployment relief and unemployment insurance? This lack of clarity affects not only the men themselves, but their sympathizers. The bonus has been urged sometimes because the men are starving, sometimes merely because they are ex-soldiers. The "blue-shirt" movement and the "khaki-shirt" movement are clearer on the subject of color than in their general social philosophy. Only one actively rebelling group today has such a general social philosophy, and that is the Communists. But the American Communists are torn by petty factional squabbles; they are negligible in number, stupid in their tactics, and doctrinaire and unrealistic in their language.

The causes of the present impotence of American radicalism are complex, but surely one of them is the American political system as at present organized. The result of that system is pretty effectually to smother the growth or development of minority opinion. In Europe, with its parliamentary systems, protest can make itself felt quickly; there must be something approaching a genuine meeting of issues. In Germany and in France, proportional representation makes it possible for minority opinion to be represented in the legislature. Small parties can sometimes force the larger parties to bargain with them, or even to appropriate some of their planks. Participation in the legislature, by giving them a voice in the determination of immediate policies, compels them to develop a relatively realistic attitude toward current issues. In America, so hopeless is it for any but members of the two major parties to secure representation that minority groups must either be driven to the expedient of "working within" those parties, often becoming hypocritical in the process, or they resort to the type of futile and desperate gesture that the striking Iowa farmers have resorted to. But this merely brings us to a recognition, in turn, that the blame cannot be placed entirely on our form of political organization. It accounts for political apathy; it accounts for the present futility of radicalism; but it does not account for the lack on the part of radicals of a program at once intelligent, realistic, and farsighted. Until American rebellion adopts such a program, it is doomed to sporadic gestures and failure.

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Free Trade at Ottawa

ON the surface at least it appears that the "press lords" of England—Beaverbrook and Rothermere—were the principal victors at the imperial economic conference which has just adjourned in Ottawa. Through the *Daily Mail, Daily Express,* and other publications, Lords Beaverbrook and Rothermere have for years been fighting for "empire free trade." They would develop free markets within the British Commonwealth and protect those markets by a system of high tariffs precisely as the United States has sought to develop and protect its domestic market. At Ottawa their idea was embodied in a series of twelve trade agreements concluded between the various members of the commonwealth. The agreements established a system of "preferences" for imperial products. In some cases these "preferences" amount to placing on the free list certain goods originating in empire countries and exported to other empire countries, while retaining or increasing existing duties on similar products originating outside the empire. In other cases imperial products will be taxed, but the same goods coming from other countries will be subjected to higher tariffs. It does not seem possible that tariff walls will safeguard the British Empire any more than they have helped us.

However, until we are acquainted with the details of all the imperial trade agreements—only summaries of ten of them have thus far been published—we cannot tell just what effect the system of "preferences" is likely to have either on imperial or on world trade. International commerce is bound to be further restricted if the Ottawa agreements, as seems likely, result in a general increase in tariff schedules by members of the British Commonwealth. Moreover, it may be that the differentials established between the duties on empire goods and those assessed against foreign products will, by further disrupting the normal flow of world trade, harm rather than help that trade. On the other hand, if detailed publication of the agreements shows that there is to be a general lowering of tariffs on the part of the British nations, the agreements are certain to benefit not only imperial trade but the commerce of the whole world.

The arrangement reached at Ottawa is far from perfect even from the imperial viewpoint. For one thing, it will increase the price of food in England. Denmark and other European countries have been able to undersell Canada and other dominions in the English market. Now Danish dairy products are to be barred by the new system of preferential tariffs, while Canadian products, which cost more, will be favored. Such an increase in the cost of the food the English working people must buy could only be justified to those workers on the assumption that the Ottawa agreements as a whole will stimulate trade and lead to higher wages. Again, England has agreed to favor Australia in buying frozen meats. But heretofore most of its frozen meats have been imported from the Argentine, where England has more than a billion dollars invested. What is to happen to these investments when the Argentine is shut out from one of its principal markets? The British Empire cannot help itself at the expense of world trade. Both must prosper together, and that can be achieved, not by partitioning markets, but by lowering artificial trade barriers.

Mr. Hoover Economizes

THE Chicago *Tribune,* despite its Republican inclinations, is at least consistent in its campaign against increasing government expenditures. It has not even spared the President of the United States. It was only a few weeks ago that Mr. Hoover made the front page of every conservative newspaper in the country with his announcement that he was voluntarily taking a 20 per cent cut in salary. Here was a direct saving of $15,000 a year to the taxpayers. Surely this was cause for rejoicing. But in its customarily relentless way, the *Tribune,* through Arthur Sears Henning, its Washington correspondent, proceeded to uncover and publish other and more pertinent statistics concerning Mr. Hoover's economizing. Mr. Henning found that "the executive office and maintenance of the White House are costing the taxpayers an average of $97,914 more a year under the Hoover Administration than under the last four years of Coolidge, and $184,094 more than under the Harding-Coolidge term." Mr. Hoover's four years will cost the country $2,114,217; the office and White House expenses of Calvin Coolidge from 1925 to 1929 ran to $1,722,-560, while those of the Harding-Coolidge Administration amounted to only $1,377,840.

To a certain extent this increase in expenditures under Herbert Hoover is perfectly understandable. Mr. Hoover, as we recall, was elected in 1928 largely on the plea that he was one of the best of our Best Minds, and it is well known that great intellects must have a great deal of secretarial and clerical assistance. Thus, Mr. Hoover has required the services of no fewer than four secretaries, each of whom draws an annual salary of $10,000. Mr. Coolidge, being only an ordinary politician, somehow found that he could get along with a single secretary at $7,500, though Congress increased his pay to $10,000 the year before Mr. Coolidge retired to Northampton. We are quite sure the taxpayers will agree, if they can take their minds for a moment off the recent steep increase in taxes, that the elaborate Hoover secretariat has more than paid for itself.

Woodrow Wilson had three automobiles at his disposal. Mr. Hoover has eleven, two of which, one open and the other a closed car, are for his personal use. This is as it should be. One could hardly expect the President to ride in a closed car in pleasant weather, or in an open one when it is raining. And each of the secretaries, as befits his exalted station, has the use of a White House automobile. We could go on to discuss other expenses, the cost of maintaining the summer camp on the Rapidan, the enlarged White House police force, the $12,000 annual milk bill—which Mr. Henning did not mention, presumably because it would hardly have been discreet to call attention to the huge amount of milk being consumed in the White House when there were thousands of children throughout the country who were going without milk. But it would not be very polite to list all the items that went into the $577,179 which it cost us in the fiscal year just closed to maintain Mr. Hoover and his official family in the Executive Mansion. Moreover, we know that even in these days of falling prices and widespread unemployment capable and conscientious Presidents come high.

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Troubles in India

By RICHARD B. GREGG

ON June 27, according to the London *Times* of June 28, Sir Samuel Hoare, Secretary of State for India, announced in the House of Commons in reference to the Indian problem that the government was now convinced that "the settlement of the urgent and important questions that still remain to be decided will only be delayed by formal sessions of large bodies such as the Round Table Conference or of such committees as the Federal Structure Committee." Instead, for the sake of speed and the financial safeguards, the government proposed, he said, to have a joint select committee of both houses of Parliament consult informally in London with "a few individuals whose personal experience qualifies them to speak with authority." Thereafter a new bill to change the constitution of India would be introduced in Parliament and eventually be enacted into law.

Sir Samuel Hoare further announced that the government's decision in the political dispute between Indian communities would be issued some time this summer; and that, as regards the Indian National Congress, the government "could not begin bargaining and negotiating with people who showed no signs of wishing to cooperate" along the lines of the British official policy. He also stated that so great an emergency still existed in India that the drastically repressive ordinances, due to expire on July 4, would be renewed.

On June 30 Viceroy Lord Willingdon promulgated from Simla a consolidation of the former four chief ordinances into one. Nominally only certain sections of it apply to certain districts of India, but any or all sections can be applied at twenty-four hours' notice in any district of India at the discretion of the local authorities.

The reaction in India to these announcements was rather emphatic. On July 8 Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru and M. R. Jayakar, two leading Moderate delegates to the Round Table Conference, resigned from the Consultative Committee of that conference. This committee, made up of representatives of various groups in India, had been meeting from time to time in India under the chairmanship of the Viceroy to discuss various questions not settled at the conference in London. Messrs. Sapru and Jayakar stated that the announced change of procedure was a change of substance as well as of form; that it was an abandonment of the Round Table method, and therefore a violation of assurances, which they quoted, made by former Viceroy Lord Irwin on November 1, 1929, and July 9, 1930, by Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald on December 1 and again on December 2, 1931, and also by Lord Lothian on December 9, 1931. A few days later another Hindu Moderate member of this committee, N. M. Joshi, also resigned, giving the same reasons. The London *Times* of July 29 reports that "Dr. Moonje also is believed to be disposed to withdraw . . ."

On July 9 and 10 thirteen Hindu Moderate delegates to the Round Table Conference met in Bombay and unanimously refused to cooperate further with the government in working out the new constitution, unless and until the government resumes the Round Table method. They notified the government of their decision. The council of the Indian National Liberal Federation, with about thirty members present at the meeting on July 10, unanimously approved this action of these delegates and also unanimously resolved to refuse further cooperation with the government for the same reasons. The thirteen non-cooperating Round Table delegates were: Sir Chiminlal Setalvad; Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru; Srinivasa Sastri; M. R. Jayakar; N. M. Joshi, a prominent labor leader; Rangaswamy Iyengar, editor of an important Madras daily, the *Hindu;* B. V. Jadhav, a member of the Non-Brahman Party which is strong in South India; Shiv Rao, another labor leader; M. Ramchandra Rao; Cowasji Jehangir; Phirose Sethna; S. B. Tambe, a former acting governor of the Central Provinces; and C. Y. Chintamini, president of the Indian National Liberal Federation. Subsequently, three other Round Table delegates who were not at the meeting telegraphed their adherence to the resolution. These were J. N. Basu, Mr. Barooah, and the woman delegate, Mrs. Subbaroyan.

These events in India produced editorials adversely critical of government policy in the *Manchester Guardian* and the *New Statesman and Nation* of London. On July 13, at the final session of the House of Commons, Sir Samuel Hoare explained the new plan further and said that the Indian Moderates had entirely misunderstood him. In describing the kind of Indians that the government proposes to call to London for consultation, he said, according to the *Times* of July 14, that "He was afraid that they would not be of a representative character, any more than were the members of the Round Table Conference. They had been dealing all along with prominent individuals, and they would do so again." This admission hardly squares with the former British allegations with regard to the representative nature of the Round Table Conference. This speech only brought caustic comment from Moderates and others in India.

Recent reports from India state that the action of the Moderates has been indorsed by Indians of many different shades of opinion, including Sir Abdur Rahim, a Moslem member of the Indian Legislative Assembly and a leader of the Independent Party in that body; the Indian Merchants' Chamber; the prominent business men, Sir Purshottamdas Thakurdas and G. D. Birla, both delegates to the second Round Table Conference; and the strongly communalist Bengal Moslem, A. H. Ghuznavi, who is also a member of the Consultative Committee. The full reports of all these Indian criticisms show a deep, strong, and very widespread undercurrent of resentment and bitterness at the cruelly throttling ordinances and their tyrannical administration.

Another element of the prevalent feeling was expressed by C. Y. Chintamini, president of the National Liberal Federation, in a speech reported in the Bombay *Chronicle* of July 12:

> If there were differences between Indians they were differences not in the aims and objective but merely regarding the method to be employed which will carry them in the easiest and quickest time to the goal. . . . There are many who are not advocates of direct action and there are

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> many who are opposed to direct action, but I doubt if there is any respectable number of Indians, to whatever school of politics they may belong, who are not moved to sympathy, which they did not feel before, for those who, howsoever wrongly advised, have been braving so much in the cause of the liberty of the country. (Applause.)

Even the British business men of Bombay and Madras believe that the government has made a mistake. The London *Times* of July 22 carries a dispatch from Calcutta saying, "European opinion in Calcutta is not in harmony with that in Bombay and Madras, where the local branches of the European Association have urged virtually complete concession to the Indian Liberal attitude. The general feeling in Calcutta is that Sir Samuel Hoare's latest statement should meet Indian objections."

On July 15 Lord Irwin was taken into the British cabinet as president of the Board of Education. This called forth a bitter editorial against Mr. MacDonald and Lord Irwin in the Tory *Saturday Review* of July 23 which said, in part:

> Why stretch party loyalty so far on the rack as to make this appointment? And why put an edge on resentment by making it in a hole-and-corner manner? . . . It is beyond human nature that, in the cabinet, he (Lord Irwin) should not interfere with India. And his intervention is almost bound to be disastrous. His appointment . . . dismays and disheartens true Conservatives, on whose forbearance Mr. MacDonald makes almost savage demands.

Perhaps this appointment was made in the hope of placating Indian opinion, or perhaps, as suggested in the *Indian Review* (London), for July 23, to strengthen the more far-sighted imperialism of the MacDonald-Lothian-Irwin group as opposed to the die-hard variety of the Hoare-Willingdon-Churchill group.

The London *Times* of July 25 carried a dispatch from Simla saying, "It is held to be almost certain that the Consultative Committee will end at an early date with its remaining tasks unfinished." Another Simla dispatch in the *Times* of July 29 repeats this forecast and adds that "within the next fortnight or so a new announcement on the 'formal consultation' in London on the constitutional reforms will be made." But it is not likely that the government will yield what the Moderates demand, partly because it would seem like a confession of weakness before Indian Moderate pressure and also because probably the British Government does not want another big Indian show in London which would result in focusing world opinion once more on its doings and failures in India during the past six months.

For it is clear that British policy there has failed. The renewal of the ordinances is a confession of the failure of repression; while the non-cooperation of the Moderates and its consequences show that the British efforts at constitutional reform have not received enough support in India to make them workable, even among those outside the Indian Congress. These non-cooperating Indian Moderates have practically no following in India, but being able men they count with opinion in England and other countries. Their defection now takes away the appearance, which was only appearance, of considerable Indian support for the British program; from now on, the autocratic nature of British policy in India is clear—a state of affairs which is not comfortable for the government and for many liberal-minded Englishmen.

But that is only part of the trouble. The government is nervous about the results of the decision it has been obliged to make in the quarrel between the place-seekers of the various religious communities over their shares of legislative and administrative posts and spoils. Lord Peel and Lord Meston have voiced this anxiety openly, and Sir Samuel Hoare has three times intimated it in public speeches. The Moslems have been very aggressive in their demands, and many die-hard Tories in England and some of the government bureaucracy and British business men in India have encouraged the Moslems. Witness the report in the London *Times* of July 8 of a meeting presided over by Sir Reginald Craddock in furtherance of the "Muslim Basic Demands," and the report of E. C. Benthall to some British business men of Calcutta, published in most of the Indian papers last April. But the government could not yield to all the Moslem demands. That would have started so many quarrels between Moslems and existing officeholders belonging to other Indian communities as to endanger the working of the huge clerical and administrative staff of the government; and, moreover, there are probably not enough technically trained and educated Moslems to fill satisfactorily all the positions they are demanding. So the award is sure to cause great dissatisfaction probably among all the communities but especially among the Moslems and Sikhs.

Already the All-Indian Moslem Conference is rocking under the strain. Early in July its secretary, Maulvi Shafi Daudi, resigned because the president, Sir Mohammed Iqbal, as a result of Sir Samuel Hoare's announcement of June 27, postponed a meeting of the executive board of the All-Indian Moslem Conference called for July 3. At that meeting preparations to boycott the government were scheduled to begin, in accordance with resolutions of the conference adopted last April. A large section of Moslems are impatient and bitter over the government's tactics.

The London *Times* of July 29 says that "Manifestos have been issued even by responsible Sikhs threatening bitter opposition to the government if the award displeases them"; while the *Times* of August 2 carries a dispatch from Simla saying that "During the week-end the Sikh 'council of action,' consisting of seventeen members presided over by Tara Singh, met at Shadara and decided to begin recruiting volunteers."

The communal award was issued by Prime Minister MacDonald on August 16. It retains separate electorates for Moslems and creates new separate electorates for untouchables and women, despite the fact that all of the women at the Round Table Conference told the Franchise Committee that they did not want separate electorates and that the majority section of the untouchables have also asked for joint electorates. Separate electorates for India were condemned in the Simon Report. The Ormsby-Gore Report on Ceylon said, "We have come unhesitatingly to the conclusion that communal representation is, as it were, a canker in the body politic, eating deeper and deeper into the vital energies of the people, breeding self-interest, suspicion, and animosity, poisoning the new growth of political consciousness, and effectively preventing the development of a national or corporate spirit." The Donoughmore Commission on the constitution of Ceylon (1928) repeated this condemnation, and added that once it is started "the desire for communal representation tends to grow rather than to die down." It

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is very clear, therefore, that the British Government is once more playing the old policy of "divide and rule." This time it may not work. Mr. MacDonald offers to accept any settlement that the Indian communities may agree to before the new constitution is enacted by Parliament, but as Gandhi and the other Congress leaders are to be kept in jail till after that, and people like E. C. Benthall are ready again to play the communities against each other, the government's offer is not quite so fair as it looks.

Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald, in his Empire Day radio broadcast late in May, was reported to have said that "There can be no doubt but that during the past year very formidable obstacles have been put in the way of an Indian settlement by Indian Congress methods." And Sir Samuel Hoare, in his speech to the House of Commons on July 13, was reported in the *Times* to have admitted that "We have not had too easy a time either here or in India since last December." Gandhi was jailed on January 4 and most of the other Indian Congress leaders have been imprisoned since then. *Lathi* beatings and other forms of governmental "firm action" have gone on apace. Yet the Indians have remained predominantly non-violent. The longer the repression lasts the deeper and more widespread grows the Indian bitterness and disgust with British government. The obstacles begin to look still more formidable. Indian unity increases while British unity decreases.

Republican Handsprings

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, August 20

WE learn from Republican editors and their trained seals that President Hoover's scramble for reelection was vastly accelerated by his speech of acceptance. Only those gifted with supernatural powers can know to a certainty whether this is true, but it is difficult to perceive the logic of it unless on the theory that you can fool a majority of the people enough of the time. The public is notorious for a short memory, but four years is not so long, and surely there are millions who have recognized in the speech a sweeping repudiation of the one which the same candidate delivered in 1928. The effect produced by a comparison of the two—and some newspapers have unkindly made it—is simply comical. The man who assured us four years ago that "the poorhouse is vanishing from among us," now confesses rather pitifully that "being prosperous, we became optimistic." He declared then that "an adequate tariff is the foundation of farm relief"; now, after signing the highest tariff act in history, he says that "no power on earth can restore prices [of agricultural products] except by restoration of general recovery and markets." The candidate who boldly proclaimed from Palo Alto that "every man has the right to ask of us [the Republicans] whether the United States is a better place for him, his wife, and children to live in because the Republican Party has conducted the government," now laments that "they would be more than human if they were not led to blame their condition on the government in power." Of all his flops, however, the most ignominious was that on prohibition. On this burning issue the poor, distracted nominee actually changed his position in the space of two months. It has been repeatedly stated that his speech was wetter than the party platform plank. But let us not forget that Mr. Hoover dictated the platform plank—dictated it, and had Ogden Mills and Dr. Garfield ram it down the throats of the squirming delegates over the loud protests of Senator Bingham and Dr. Butler. Afterward he became frightened over the popularity of the plank adopted by the Democrats and turned one of his familiar somersaults. Even then he was painfully silent on the early return of beer. Is it possible that anyone has failed to realize that he is simply seeking to placate the wets while clinging to the surviving dry vote? Such pussyfooting may succeed, but I shall await the proofs. Concerning his vague hints about new and unnamed measures through which he will presently save the country, one simply wonders why they have been delayed. The country has needed saving for some time. At any rate, he has served fair warning on the people that if they reelect him they may look forward to four more years of what they have now. To me the most interesting moment in the acceptance ceremony was that in which Bishop Freeman begged God in anguished tones to give the President "wisdom and courage." Amen.

* * * * *

SO much has been written and said about the tenderness of the Administration and the gallantry of the troops on that recent glorious occasion when unemployed veterans and their families were scourged from the District of Columbia with bayonets, gas, tanks, sabers, and fire that more might seem superfluous. However, every patriotic American should be given the privilege of experiencing that thrill of pride which he certainly will feel upon learning that while eleven-weeks-old Bernard Myers was lying in a hospital from the combined effects of illness and tear gas, the War Department dispatched an officer of the Chemical Warfare Division to the baby's bedside to prepare an alibi for the army in case the baby died. It did die, the alibi was successful, and another stirring victory was recorded for American arms. Bernard, suffering from summer complaint, was gassed on the night the troops drove the veterans and their women and children from the Anacostia camp. The gassing did not occur in the camp, but in the yard of an Anacostia home where the frantic parents with their sick infant had found what they assumed to be sanctuary. It occurred during those wild midnight hours when the infantry harried thousands of veterans and spectators through the streets of that suburb, raining gas bombs on them as they fled. "With unparalleled kindliness and humanity"—to use Secretary Hurley's beautiful and descriptive phrase—some unknown hero in uniform tossed a hissing bomb into the yard where Bernard's parents stood with other men, women, and children. The child, held in its father's arms, got a heavy dose, became violently ill, and was taken to a municipal hospital. Next morning attendants stated it was too soon

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to tell how much the infant's condition had been aggravated by the experience, but added succinctly—and it would seem reasonably—that "the gas certainly didn't do it any good." Twelve days later it died. The parents' plea for an inquest was denied when a hospital official explained: "We found no trace of gas in the child's body. It was suffering from gastro-enteritis, a stomach disorder." Asked what traces he would normally expect to find in the body of a baby which had been tear-gassed twelve days earlier, the official hastened to explain that his statement was not based on his own knowledge, but on what he had been told by an officer of the Chemical Warfare Division of the War Department. He then related how, after accounts of the gassing had appeared in local newspapers, the officer had come to the hospital and examined the little victim. He told the doctors there that if the child had been gassed its body would be covered with "a rash," and no such rash was present. That satisfied the doctors, and they satisfied the coroner. An inquest was forestalled, the nation was safe, and all of us were privileged once more to thank God that the ragged men who were bombed out of the capital on July 28 had succeeded twelve years earlier in preserving us against the horrors of Prussian militarism!

* * * * *

ON the other hand, the country's mounting reaction to the events of "Bloody Thursday" has inspired a mortal fear among those who were responsible for them. The panicky attempts of Hoover, Hurley, and General MacArthur to make a "Communist uprising" out of the massacre have failed ludicrously, despite the strenuous assistance of Attorney-General Mitchell and a member of the local judiciary. Their efforts to persuade the public that a high percentage of the marchers were "reds" and men who had never served under the flag were rendered ridiculous by the careful and detailed statistics of General Hines, Administrator of the Veterans' Bureau, showing that of 8,000 men whose histories were examined by his office only 500 failed to produce war records, and approximately two-thirds had served overseas. Every one of the supposed Communists held for investigation was discharged for lack of evidence. At Hoover's request a grand jury was impaneled. To prevent any possible mistake Attorney-General Mitchell placed one of his assistants in charge of the inquiry, and the presiding justice, in his instructions from the bench, went to the incredible extreme of expressing a "hope" that the grand jurors would find that "the mob guilty of actual violence included a few ex-service men, and was made up mainly of Communists and other disorderly elements." Residents of Washington who offered to testify to brutality on the part of the troops were not called. The set-up—which if devised for the benefit of a lesser personage than the President would certainly be called a frame-up, seemed airtight. But something mysteriously slipped, and the grand jury put a climax on the whole fiasco of the attempted "red" scare by failing to mention Communists in its report, and by indicting three men, all of whom were wounded overseas and one of whom holds the Distinguished Service Cross for heroism in rescuing wounded comrades under fire! Meantime the grand jury had received from one of the veteran leaders an affidavit charging that the actual violence was precipitated by government agents disguised as veterans. Although the grand jury ignored this sensational accusation, police disclosed that members of the army intelligence service had been planted in the camps for weeks, and it was learned that several private detectives had been discovered by the veterans and ejected. When the asinine Royal Johnson, South Dakota Congressman, rushed to rescue the Administration with a flamboyant announcement that dynamite had been found in the Anacostia camp, the police promptly explained that the veterans themselves had reported the discovery and the destruction of the small quantity of dynamite to which Johnson apparently alluded!

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AS the bloody episode recedes into the past, virtually every item of new evidence sharpens the sinister aspect of the part played by the Administration. By the time Congress meets the demand for a Senate investigation should be irresistible. Then perhaps we shall learn what plans were laid at that fateful White House conference attended by Hurley and MacArthur. Then perhaps we shall learn what caused Commissioners Crosby and Reichelderfer to inform the President that troops were required—a few minutes after General Glassford, chief of police, had told them that troops were not needed—if, in fact, they so informed the President. A Senate committee should be able to ascertain how many army spies were planted in the camps and what their orders were. It can inquire about the sudden decision to clear the Pennsylvania Avenue camp site in order "to make way for new buildings" and "to give employment to the unemployed," but where, as we now know, no new buildings are to be erected and where, at this moment, the principal sign of activity consists in half a dozen Negro laborers pecking mortar off bricks. Meantime, I suppose, such official prevaricators as Presidential-Secretary Ted Joslin will continue to state unblushingly that "no one was injured after the troops came"—although the Washington papers of the following day carried lists of the casualties on their front pages, with descriptions of their injuries and the names of the hospitals to which they were taken. The fate of General Glassford will be watched with intense interest. That brave and brilliant soldier-policeman succeeded for several days in postponing the fatal conflict which had been decreed in higher quarters, and has since been the chief obstacle to the Administration's efforts to pin the tag of communism on the poor, hungry men who had fought for their country in 1917-18. Of this fact the Administration is fully aware, and it appears that General Glassford has been saved thus far only by his tremendous popularity. He is far from safe. No one should be surprised if some horrendous "discovery" is made concerning him. This business has the Administration worried almost to death, and there is plenty of evidence that it would stop at nothing. Since the departure of Bishop Cannon, the defection of Colonel Mann, and the disappearance of good old Claudius Huston, many have asked who would plan the Hoover strategy in this campaign. Appearances suggest that it is being devised by a private detective agency of the type which supplies strikebreakers and procures "evidence" in divorce cases. Incidentally, one of the saddest men in town is Pat Hurley, who was all set to be the principal spellbinder. Now his colleagues are anxiously debating the wisdom of allowing him to appear before any audience where there is the slightest possibility that someone will interrupt to shout: "Who gassed the babies?"

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Can Philosophy Come Back?

By BENJAMIN GINZBURG

OUR age has not been an age of philosophy, and in fact the very idea of philosophy as an intellectual discipline is held in disrepute in many countries, particularly in the United States. One has only to compare the amount of newspaper interest devoted to a congress of philosophers and that devoted to a congress of scientists.

Were philosophy a specialized art or a specialized science, one might accept its present low status as one of the vicissitudes of time and wait for a turn of the wheel. Thus at certain periods a particular science such as physics has been in the ascendant among the whole group of sciences; at other times biology has been in the ascendant and physics has been almost backward. This does not raise a problem, any more than the fact that one age has specially cultivated music while another age has cultivated the plastic arts.

But philosophy cannot be regarded in that light. It is not a specialized discipline, but a general approach to human experience. For this reason its present backwardness must mean either one of two things. Either the philosophical approach is thoroughly and radically bankrupt, and humanity should actively abandon philosophy as a useless and mischievous dissipation of energy; or else it is not the philosophical approach that is bankrupt, but social and cultural conditions, in which case it becomes our duty to sound an intellectual call to arms.

Nearly a hundred years ago, Auguste Comte formulated a law of history which in effect doomed philosophy as an obsolete method of thinking. First, he said, there came the theological stage of thought, then the metaphysical, and finally, in modern times, the scientific stage. The implication of this law is that philosophy has now to give way to scientific specialization, and this has indeed been the feeling of modern times, although few have attempted to express this feeling in a reasoned intellectual form, in the manner of Comte. Only recently H. G. Wells gave public expression to this belief when he said that the value of science lay in the fact that it offered us an escape from philosophy and religion, both of which will eventually have to be abandoned as unsuitable for our essentially practical minds.

Widespread as this point of view is, it does not stand up under any sort of critical examination. In fact it is self-refuting as soon as it is recognized that knowledge and thought require not only analytic specialization but also synthesis and critical reflection on fundamental principles. It does not matter by whom this work of synthesis and reflection is carried on; the point is that it is an essential part—if not the most important part—of the intellectual process, and that this phase of the process has a different look and different characteristics from those suggested at the moment of specialization and quest for facts. Critical reflection cannot of necessity possess the same character of fixity and positiveness as scientific fact-finding in which no questions of principle are involved.

It may be said that the whole idea of regarding the knowledge process as the dividing up of a field into so many specialized scientific homesteads grew up at a time when the fundamental principles of science were for the moment so stable that they did not need to be discussed or criticized. But in a period of accelerated scientific progress, like the present, it becomes apparent that there are no fixed fundamental principles, and that the scientific process taken as a whole involves philosophic reflection on fundamental categories concurrently with the quest for specific facts. Einstein confesses that he derived the idea for applying a new geometry in physics from reading the philosophic writings of Henri Poincaré, who in turn followed out a line of critical inquiry begun by Kant. Similarly, the German physicist, Max Planck, concludes a survey of the new quantum physics with the advice that physicists consult the views and ideas of the great philosophers on the problems connected with determinism and causality. Obviously, the advice was not offered on the theory that philosophers possess some power of mystical illumination not given to experimental scientists. Rather was it given with the realization that the experimental facts involve fundamental categories whose relationship had been the subject of reflective study by the great thinkers.

Once it is recognized that even natural science involves philosophic criticism, the whole perspective with regard to the social sciences must undergo a radical change. A great part of the energy of social scientists has been spent not in collecting facts or in systematizing principles, but in a sort of mad attempt to run away from philosophical ideas in order better to live up to the stage conception of science. A recent historian of experimental psychology publicly admits that experimental psychologists have sought to run away from philosophy and have in consequence merely passed off bad philosophy under the label of scientific psychology. But instead of asking psychologists to master the philosophic problems involved in their science, the same historian wants psychologists in the future to leave philosophy completely and severely alone. If physicists have been able to get along without worrying about what the philosopher says, why should not the psychologists? The answer is, in the first place, that physicists have not been able to keep entirely away from philosophy; and, in the second place, that in psychology there happens to be less natural leeway for routine specialization without philosophic reflection than in the physical or biological sciences. What is true of psychology is true of all the social sciences as a class.

In addition to the value of philosophical criticism in connection with both the natural and the social sciences, there is the far more important value of philosophy in crystallizing the spirit of social disinterestedness and idealism, on which all ethics, all orderly life in society must depend. Thought, consciousness, is not merely a tool for achieving greater knowledge of the external world and for helping us to manipulate external objects more successfully; it is also the source of that movement of unification between man and man which tempers our biological selfishness to fit a framework of ideal interests and social sympathies. In the past this function of unifying idealism was fulfilled by re-

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ligion, which is after all a rough and rather naive philosophy of human experiences. Today religion has broken down, largely because its institutional commitments prevent it from modernizing its ideas in line with the progress of scientific knowledge. But while religion has broken down, it does not follow that the need of crystallizing a moral and social consciousness has disappeared. Quite on the contrary, the need is greater than ever because we can no longer count upon the passive inertia of habit and custom, or upon the instinctive fear of the supernatural to instil a semblance of order in human affairs. Today men need to be convinced by reason, and the only type of reason which is here convincing is to show, both by logic and by example, that man as a conscious being has interests far transcending his biological appetites. And who can undertake such a demonstration and its practical application in concrete problems except the philosopher who is interested in studying the total place of reason in human experience and who has no commitments except to seek the truth?

No, it is not because the philosophic approach is bankrupt, or because philosophy has no longer any functions to fulfil, that philosophy does not flourish today. The reason is in part the intellectual confusion that has developed around the success of science, but in greater part it is the mechanization of social life, which has intensified the practical struggle for existence and has left less and less place for disinterested thought and disinterested leadership. Human nature is about the same as it has always been; there are the same idealistic instincts as in the past. But the important fact is that it is harder to make a living today. It may indeed be harder to philosophize today because of the increase of man's knowledge and perspective, but even before the stage of thought is reached, it has become tremendously more difficult to put oneself physically in a position to think honestly and disinterestedly. And in this problem of making a living, disinterested thinking is quite useless—useless to the individual as an economic weapon for gaining a living and meaningless to a public that is exhausted with economic cares. Science, to be sure, constitutes an exception to the rule, but it is only by accident that disinterested scientific thinking has been fitted into the economic machine.

In the case of philosophy it is idle to suggest that society accept philosophy as an economic calling and that it endow more philosophic chairs in the universities. For while science can flourish as an endowed specialty, philosophy is too closely connected with the social consciousness to be able to exist as a specialized calling unsupported by direct public participation. The condition of philosophy at the universities today is a mute testimonial to this truth. Philosophy has become a museum specialty, a lifeless play of systems and concepts to which the public can point in derision to justify its contempt for it. Philosophy will not flower until our present high-strung economic life gives way to a regime in which it will be possible to cultivate the love of wisdom.

Fortunately there are signs that our economic Frankenstein is due to break down from its own internal weaknesses. The fate of philosophy is thus tied up with the fate of social reform. And it becomes more than ever the duty of those who can muster disinterested thought at a time when such thought is at a premium to work for a new society, a society in which there will be room for reason and in which the Administration will be in the hands of reason.

Listen, Mr. President—

Norfolk, Virginia, August 11

Mr. Herbert Hoover
President of the United States
Washington, D. C.

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT: I am an ex-soldier, an ex-laboring man, a native American, now a professional writer. Yesterday I came to Washington with a group of writers to protest the treatment given the bonus army in Washington. Coming to a President of my country to voice such a protest isn't a thing I like to do. With me it is like this: I am intensely interested in the lives of the common everyday people, laborers, mill hands, soldiers, stenographers, or whatever they may be. It may be because I, myself, come out of the laboring class. I was born in a poor family, I am still poor. I understand that you also were once poor.

Being a writer I am inclined to lead a quiet life, going about and peering into the corners of life. It happens that for the last four or five years I have spent most of my time in a cheap car going about to factory towns in America, going into the homes of poor farmers, into the houses of workers in mill villages. I haven't been doing any kind of propaganda. I have been looking, watching, finding out what I could about American life.

I came yesterday to Washington to speak to you, came as a delegate from a group of American writers and intellectuals. I did not want to come. I had no desire to make you uncomfortable. It was your birthday. You were receiving friends. You were preparing your speech of acceptance of renomination as President. Political advisers were, I dare say, flocking about. That is your life—perhaps it has to be your life. I am not criticizing it. I came with the other writers because I was myself uncomfortable.

Mr. President, I've been seeing at first hand the condition of men out of work in America. I have been walking with them, talking with them, sitting with them. To me, although they are men and women out of work, they remain fellow-Americans. I have been seeing things with my own eyes: men who are heads of families creeping through streets of American cities eating from garbage cans; men turned out of houses and sleeping week after week on park benches, on the ground in parks, in the mud under bridges. The great majority of these men are eager enough to work. Our streets are filled with beggars, with men new to the art of begging.

I came to you with the other writers because I was ashamed not to come. When men are starving I am ashamed not to speak up. When men are trying to assert their rights to live decently in America, trying to organize to assert more effectually their human rights—when these men are brutally put down by police or soldiers—bear in mind I have

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seen these things with my own eyes—when that happens something within me hurts and bleeds.

What I am trying to say to you is that men like me do not want to be radicals. I am, myself, a story-teller. I would like to give all my time and thought and energy to story-telling. I can't.

I am wondering, Mr. President, if men like you, men now high in our public life, captains of industry, financiers—the kind of men who seem always to be closest now to our public men—I am wondering if all of you are not nowadays too much separated from the actuality of life. Everything has been very highly organized and centralized in America. Perhaps *you* have been organized and centralized out of our common lives.

I have an idea. It may amuse you. I think we Americans ought to elect two Presidents. For example, let you and Mr. Roosevelt both be President for the next four years. They may prove to be eventful years. Let you serve, say for three months, and then let Mr. Roosevelt have his term. In the interval you come out of your White House and away from your political advisers, industrial magnates, and bankers, and spend the time with me. We will get into my cheap car and live for a time as millions of Americans live now. Together we will walk at night in city streets, into houses of workers, into parks and camps where the unemployed gather, into a thousand places you have never seen. When you go back into your Presidency I will then take Mr. Roosevelt for his turn. It will be educational to you both. I swear it. Incidentally it may turn out to be the most interesting three months of your life.

As it happens, Mr. President, not all of my friends are poor or unemployed. I know personally a good many rich and powerful Americans, and I know that something quite dreadful does happen to all of you rich and powerful men. You do get horribly separated from actuality. I guess you can't help it. Recently I was staying in the house of a rich man, a friend—as kind-hearted a man as I know. One evening I heard him talking. Do you know, Mr. President, that he did not think that the present depression was so bad. He spoke of it as a passing thing, not of really great importance. I remember how I felt as he talked. There was no personal dislike of the man. I love him, but he did not know, does not himself feel what life has made me feel. Several times I went out of his house to walk alone, and often within a few blocks I saw men, often young men, eating from garbage cans, sleeping on benches, always tired, always hungry. Seeing nothing in the future but more of the same.

I have seen and talked to many poor farmers who are now losing their little bits of land, who are now poor, destitute, and discouraged. There are little things that happen to a man. I spoke of my heart being made to bleed. Your heart would be made to bleed also, seeing what I have seen. Recently, within the year, I was walking one day in a wood. It had rained. The ground was wet. I went silently. Suddenly I heard a voice. I crept forward. There was a little Virginia farmer kneeling by a fence at the edge of the wood and praying. Tears ran from his old eyes. I crept away without being seen, but afterward I inquired. He was just a hard-working poor American farmer who had a big family and who had got into debt, and whose little farm was to be sold. He did not know where to turn. He was frightened, hurt, and perplexed, kneeling there and crying to God. He is not an isolated figure. He represents, as I have pictured him here, millions of Americans now.

You, Mr. President, and myself have a good deal in common. We were once both poor boys, both came from poor families. You went the road of money-making, of power-getting, and I went another road. Just the same, if I know anything at all, I know that we are both perplexed. When the group of American writers of whom I was one went recently to Washington to try to speak to you personally of all these things, it is true that we made a point of the treatment recently given to the perplexed soldiers who have been camped down there. That is what they were—perplexed men. Think of the promises we Americans made those men but a few years ago.

This is my own attitude. Before going on this fruitless mission to Washington to try to see and talk to you personally, hoping, perhaps to take to you a little cry out of the masses of people, I went to see some of the Communist leaders. The idea that they had any effect on the mass of soldiers in Washington is absurd. It is a joke, Mr. President. It is true that some of them went to Washington to try to work there among the soldiers, but they, themselves, told me that they could do nothing. "We couldn't touch those men." I think they told me the truth. Newspapermen and many citizens of Washington have told me how, all the time they were there, they went about flag-waving and begging. They demanded so little from their government, after all the things that had been promised them, that the situation was laughable.

When we writers came to Washington you would not see us. A Mr. Theodore G. Joslin, one of your secretaries, I believe, did finally see us. He told us firmly and finally at once that you would not bother to see us. Then an amusing thing happened. He was a bit nervous and pale. He said he did not speak to us for you or as your secretary, but as a fellow-American and a fellow-writer. He seemed to me a rather pathetic figure at that moment. He lectured us like a lot of schoolboys. The import of what he said was that the trouble at Washington, in regard to the bonus army, was that the men weren't soldiers. We were given the idea that the distraught men that had come to Washington were really Huns. They went about attacking police and trying to tear down government. They threw stones at harmless soldiers. You would have thought that the soldiers and police were unarmed rather than these distraught, puzzled men out of work—the same men who but so short a time ago were our national heroes.

Mr. President, after this absurd incident in Washington, on your birthday, we writers separated. I went to see a friend. We had a talk. He is not an unsuccessful man as I am, but is very successful. He said that, even in Washington, you were utterly separated from the reality of life in America now, so surrounded by yes-sayers that nothing touched you. He suggested to me an idea. He said that when you were in the Far East, when you were making your fortune, you handled coolies. He said that you had come to think of most of us here in America, who happen to be poor or out of work, as coolies. He thought you believed in the whip. That is what we came to Washington to protest against, Mr. President—the whip. Its lash is falling across the backs of millions of Americans. It is the lash that is making radicals in America.

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I return to my suggestion. If my notion that we elect both you and Mr. Roosevelt is absurd and you are reelected I suggest that you take that vacation. Sneak out of the back door at the White House some evening. Let me take you with me for a few weeks so that you may see with your own eyes what is happening to millions of Americans, what American life is becoming. SHERWOOD ANDERSON

In the Driftway

FALL has come in New England. And the Drifter, who watches the seasons as jealously as any farmer, happened to be there when the miracle occurred. On Tuesday summer was in full bloom. Indolent breezes moved over the meadows and up the hill. The voice of the crow was mild in the mild air. Except for one sprig of unmotivated red on a maple tree, the permanence of summer was indisputable. Woods and grass were greener than August usually finds them. The dusty light of midsummer was spread over the hills at noon. Fall apples hung firm on their stems. At night the full white moon rose in a cherry tree close to the house.

* * * * *

ON Wednesday a strange cool breeze came up the hill and did not stop. From being lingering and soft, the wind we had known all summer had suddenly become brisk and purposeful. It whisked through the old house like a new broom sweeping out summer; it caught up dead leaves from obscure rock crevices and whirled them at an autumn pace; it turned up the silver side of leaves, promising rain, and an apple dropped, portentously, in the orchard grass. A subtle, unmistakable constriction in the air affected the crow's tone, making it sharper and forlorn. The sky took on the liquid deep blue of skies over mountains where winter is never far away. Fall roses that had come inconspicuously into bloom assumed a new importance, and golden rod and purple milk-weed, though they had been there before, seemed suddenly to crowd the roadsides. The late rich sunlight was drained of summer; the shadows that lay across it were long and cool; in the evening the hills to the north were as purple as asters.

* * * * *

THE sun is still hot in New England. But the days are like mountain days—the sun seems hotter because the shadows are full of north wind. With the nights gone cold, gardens no longer grow but only ripen. The grass does not need cutting any more, and the primary colors of summer flowers are fading before the burnished shades of autumn. At night the moon coming up keeps her cold distance far beyond the cherry tree. Inside, the fireplace that has yawned wide and useless all summer becomes indeed a place for fire, a refuge from the shivering air.

* * * * *

THE red maple twig was after all a sign. And if the Drifter is reproached with welcoming autumn before summer has departed, his reply will be that autumn, like spring, comes first to the mind. THE DRIFTER

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Correspondence

Brains and Brawn

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: V. F. Calverton's interpretation of "Max Nomad's" volume, "Rebels and Renegades," it seems to me, is not the meaning intended by the author. The philosophy is "Nomad's" own, and not Waclaw Machajski's. He merely mentions this when referring to Trotzky; he gives it no importance.

The rebels he psychographs—outside of Malatesta, Trotzky, and Foster—were always known to sociologists as "intellectuals," agents of state capitalism, a method of keeping the workers in order for the benefit of the bourgeoisie. But the "rule" by the intelligentsia alluded to by "Max Nomad" will come after the overthrow of the capitalist profit system by the proletariat; it will be a final one. In brief, it is a biological matter. The proletariat will have their day—and pass away.

It simply means that brains will eventually rule brawn. The Sons of Mary will dictate the policies of the Sons of Martha. Indeed, almost every page of "Nomad's" book carries ridicule of the radical proletariat and its ultimate aspirations. Those who will take charge are Veblen's "engineers." Bernard Shaw called them "the energetic and conscientious minority." (Ruskin's Politics.) And Marx and Engels knew, and taught, that "the dictatorship of the proletariat" was but a passing phase in the Hegelian concept.

San Francisco, August 1 H. Kendall

Prohibition in the Small Town

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The *Home Friend Magazine,* with a national circulation of over a million concentrated in the small towns of America, and edited and published expressly for the women of those districts, recently conducted a contest for its readers with prizes offered for the best letters on the subject, Has Prohibition Been Effective in Your Community?

At the outset we felt, since the small town is usually considered to be far removed from the evils of prohibition as felt in the larger cities, that the majority of the letters would be in favor of the continuation of prohibition. Great was our surprise when we discovered that 93 per cent of the letters were in favor of repeal and expressed the opinion that prohibition had failed. Only 7 per cent of the letters were for continuance. Moreover, a large majority of those who favored repeal were women who originally had lent their efforts to its adoption.

Kansas City, July 15 Irene Lois Cowan

Paul Y. Anderson

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I wish to record my interest and delight in the articles of your Washington correspondent, Paul Y. Anderson. His mordant satire and keen criticism with respect to the futile Administration at Washington are constant pleasures to me. I am not sanguine enough to hope that Mr. Anderson's honest portrayal of the ineptness and tragedy of the White House will have any effect upon election results in a so-called democracy. But they certainly are refreshing.

Portland, Ore., August 6 H. A. Leader

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Books and Films

Time of Mountains

By THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL

So long ago my father led me to
The dark impounded orders of this canyon,
I have confused these rocks and waters with
My life, but not unclearly, for I know
What will be here when I am here no more.

I've moved in the terrible cries of the prisoned water,
And prodigious stillness where the water folds
Its terrible muscles over and under each other.

When you've walked a long time on the floor of a river,
And up the steps and into the different rooms,
You know where the hills are going, you can feel them,
The far blue hills dissolving in luminous water,
The solvent mountains going home to the oceans.
Even when the river is low and clear,
And the waters are going to sleep in the upper swales,
You can feel the particles of the shining mountains
Moping against your ankles toward the sea.

Forever the mountains are coming down and I stalk
Against them, cutting the channel with my shins,
With the lurch of the stiff spray cracking over my thighs;
I feel the bones of my back bracing my body,
And I push uphill behind the vertebrate fish
That lie uphill with their bony brains uphill
Meeting and splitting the mountains coming down.

I push uphill behind the vertebrate fish
That scurry uphill, ages ahead of me.
I stop to rest but the order still keeps moving:
I mark how long it takes an aspen leaf
To float in sight, pass me, and go downstream;
I watch a willow dipping and springing back
Like something that must be a water-clock,
Measuring mine against the end of mountains.

But if I go before these mountains go,
I'm unbewildered by the time of mountains,
I, who have followed life up from the sea
Into a black incision in this planet,
Can bring an end to stone infinitives.
I have held rivers to my eyes like lenses,
And rearranged the mountains at my pleasure,
As one might change the apples in a bowl,
And I have walked a dim unearthly prairie
From which these peaks have not yet blown away.

The Case of Paul Scheffer

By LOUIS FISCHER

I HAVE always regarded Paul Scheffer as a brilliant journalist. Certainly he has an interesting mind. But all that glitters is not gold, and what was or seemed excellent newspaper work in 1924 and 1927 becomes history of doubtful quality in 1931. The moral is that a writer for the dailies should think twice and revise three times before reprinting ancient articles.* Considerable repetition, misspelled proper names, and two wrongly dated and therefore misleading articles are only some of Scheffer's minor transgressions. A greater sin is the lack of coordination between the articles he contributed to the *Berliner Tageblatt* during his seven years in the U. S. S. R. (1922-29). One article sometimes contradicts the other. In December, 1927, for instance, Herr Scheffer asserted that the Trotzky opposition was a "widespread movement." He intimated that Trotzky had so strong a following among the workers and was gaining so much ground that Stalin evidently hesitated to suppress him. But in his very next contribution, sent from Moscow on January 6, Herr Scheffer had to retract, for the leaders of the opposition, Trotzky included, had been banished to Asia and the entire opposition crushed. He therefore commented that the "opposition was primarily a group of 'has-beens'"; and "the expulsion followed as a matter of course." Such contradiction (of which I could cite other illustrations) is pardonable in day-to-day reporting, but not helpful in a book which claims serious attention.

A far more serious error is Scheffer's failure to remold his journalistic products in the light of more recent information and more recent events. For instance, he devotes Part III of his book, exactly a hundred pages, to the story of the opposition. Yet on close analysis one discovers that the most important facts in that historic struggle are omitted. Scheffer brilliantly illuminates Trotzky's personality, and demonstrates that he occasionally had excellent and speedy news sources in Moscow. But the real causes of the Trotzky-Stalin combat remain unrevealed, and I venture to suspect that Scheffer misunderstood them. The philosophic basis of the split which rocked the Communist Party was Trotzky's doctrine of "permanent revolution." Scheffer makes no attempt to fathom the meaning and implications of this dogma. Yet it determined Trotzky's attitude to the world revolution, to the Chinese revolution, to the Soviet peasant question, and to the subject of "building socialism in one country." Scheffer's sometimes clever treatment of the opposition misses all these points. His treatment shines but does not radiate light. I am confirmed in my impression that Scheffer did not grasp the true inwardness of the Trotzky-Stalin war when I read that whereas Trotzky believed that radicalism at home could go hand in hand with moderation abroad, Stalin insisted that two such policies were incompatible. Scheffer is exactly 100 per cent wrong. He has put Stalin in Trotzky's shoes and vice versa. How can he say Trotzky preached "a compromise with the bourgeois world," when Trotzky wanted to communize the Kuomintang nationalist revolution, thus inevitably antagonizing the whole bourgeois world? Did not Trotzky demand the abolition of the Anglo-Russian committee which constituted a bridge between Russia and the British reformist trade unions? Trotzky's stand was in conformity with his principle of "permanent revolution." Stalin, on the contrary, has put into practice ever since 1927 a policy

* "Seven Years in Soviet Russia." By Paul Scheffer. Translated by Arthur Livingston. The Macmillan Company. $3.

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of coexistence between the capitalist and Communist worlds. That Scheffer failed to see this is startling. Certainly it throws doubt upon the value of much that he has written about Russia.

Herr Scheffer might have done more editing. He did some. He chose some articles for reproduction and discarded others. I miss, for instance, his famous article, reprinted in the *Observer* of December 8, 1929, wherein, fresh from Moscow, he sensationally announced that "events in the Soviet Union [were] steadily moving toward a crisis" because the towns and villages were starving. "Millions of peasants in certain provinces will suffer from real famine." Collectivization was making matters worse. "Thus the crisis of the Soviet system," he wrote, "is at root an agrarian crisis. It is so grave that it threatens the very existence of the regime." The old story of the overthrow of the Soviets. And further: "Under Soviet economics agricultural production is on the road to ruin." Apparently Herr Scheffer did not foresee that Russia's next two harvests would be the best since the revolution, and would enable Moscow to become an important factor in the world grain market. This was made possible by collectivization, not by unusual weather, as Scheffer claims in his book. For the weather this year was bad, yet grain collections exceeded those of the previous harvest. In Herr Scheffer's eyes, however, collectivization spelled ruin. He even saw the possibility that the "Communists' house will crash down on those who dwell in it." The staid *Observer* felt justified in giving this article wild captions: "The Crisis of Fate"; "Stalin and Gathering Shadows." Scheffer himself had ridiculed the persistent prophets of evil who untiringly predicted the fall of the Soviet Government. Yet when the Soviets ruffled him personally, he threw sober judgment to the winds and joined those "official and unofficial experts, who for eight years past, as a matter of habit, every three or four months have been promising the collapse of the Soviet regime and gaining in authority and prestige at every postponement"—except that Paul Scheffer does not gain in authority or prestige by reason of what he has written about Russia since he left Russia. Quite the contrary.

The case of Paul Scheffer has made history in the little world of journalism. I believe Moscow was mistaken in barring him from the U. S. S. R. in 1929. By this time events would have changed his mind. Or he would have departed for less interesting capitals on his own volition. I want to speak frankly. Many people have said that Scheffer shifted from a pro-Soviet to an anti-Soviet attitude after he married his charming Russian countess wife. This is a superficial view. The root lies deeper and has general significance.

As late as 1926 Scheffer charged the London City with the organization of an anti-Soviet international financial boycott. Subsequently, he showed that he swallowed completely the Bolshevik argument that England was preparing to smash the Soviet regime. In November, 1926, England "plods doggedly on in its effort to paralyze Soviet Russia internationally, and the Russians are right in seeing in the effort a preliminary step to a united front." He condemned the Arcos raid as "not . . . a very pretty page in the history of English civilization." How is it, then, that this same Scheffer who in 1927 and 1928 wrote like a Soviet propagandist—at least as far as foreign relations were concerned—and whose cordial attitude toward Moscow had not been cooled by Communist propaganda in China and Germany, or by countless admittedly irritating "incidents" in Soviet-German affairs between 1923 and 1928, suddenly turned against his seven-year friends, discovered in 1929 only that Comintern agitation threatened Europe, and began a campaign against American recognition of the U. S. S. R.?

This is the answer: Scheffer was a NEP-friend of bolshevism. He came to Russia when the NEP first asserted itself. He left when the NEP went into eclipse. Although he knew—and this is decidedly to his credit—that the NEP was not a permanent compromise with capitalism, he could not have imagined that Stalin would seriously endeavor to introduce socialism in 1929. It was Stalin's collectivization policy and the Five-Year Plan which sent Scheffer to Washington. The Vatican, as Scheffer himself explains, saw the coming change earlier, and hence in 1927 ceased its efforts to recognize Russia diplomatically. Now Mr. Scheffer and Father Walsh of Georgetown University, who conducted the Pope's first conversations with Chicherin, naturally occupy a common platform of anti-Bolshevist activity.

Scheffer, at bottom—and I do not say it disparagingly—is a German patriot. He sees a great deal through German nationalist spectacles. He, like Brockdorff-Rantzau, his noble Ambassador in Moscow, was convinced that Germany, faced by the reparations-exacting Allies, must seek salvation in cooperation with Soviet Russia. Scheffer tries to create the impression that toward the end Rantzau lost some of his faith in this creed. I cannot agree, and call to witness the letter to Chicherin which the count dictated on his deathbed. Silly Bolshevik tactics very probably angered the Ambassador at times, but he distinguished himself from many others by an ability to rise above petty details and personal pinpricks. In fundamentals he remained firm. Scheffer wavered. He must really have feared that Stalin's radicalism at home would end the Kremlin's moderate policy toward Germany. This was Scheffer's crowning error, an error which may ruin a lifework.

In May, 1927, Scheffer wisely formulated the proposition that "it is not in the interests of Germany that any changes on her east flank should be made at the expense of Russia." This raises the question of Poland. The thesis has many complicated implications, but the direct corollary is Soviet-German friendship. This thesis still holds. Scheffer was wrong in thinking that it would not. His government continues to think that it does. Germany's safety, especially in these dark days, demands warmth in the East as a counterpoise to hostility in the West. But when Scheffer was misled into imagining that the hand which had dethroned NEP—only partially dethroned it, incidentally—would also scrap the tradition of Soviet cooperation with Berlin, he trod the road to Washington which Baron Maltzan, the "father of the Rapallo treaty," had trodden before him.

One thing is significant: Scheffer's reports from Moscow were at least realistic; but the postscripts which he adds from Berlin and Washington are not. The longer his distance from the U. S. S. R.—that is, from reality—the more violent his anti-bolshevism. It is now several years since Scheffer left Russia. It has changed a great deal in that period.

Mr. Priestley Spreads a Net

Faraway. By J. B. Priestley. Harper and Brothers. $2.75.

IN this delightful yarn of three men and a girl in search of an elusive island in the Pacific, Mr. Priestley reverts to the mood and manner of "The Good Companions," but the new book is measurably better than its famous predecessor. This is not to say that "Faraway" is for all moods, or all times, or all readers. It is just one of those books which this reviewer, whose shelves are overflowing with books, couldn't be persuaded to sell or give away, a book that will bear many rereadings. Mr. Priestley makes no new discoveries, but he gives us back our own to us, from many points of the compass and many latitudes of feeling. He is as solid as a Yorkshire pudding, as delicate as Coppard. He can create the poetic William Dursley as well as the earthly Ramsbottam, volatile and enchanting Terry as well as Margery Jackson, of whom he writes:

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> She was one of those people—and they are usually women—who do not seem to have much imagination, who have a sense of fun but little humor and no wit, who appear to be completely cut off from the stimulations and graces and ecstasies of the arts, who have never entertained an idea in their heads and have no notion of what is happening in the world, and yet in some mysterious fashion give the impression of being ripe personalities who live full rich lives.

The genre of "Faraway" is a cross between that of "The Good Companions" and "South Wind." It is quite as brilliant as the latter, and quite as ploddingly affable as the former. It ranges as widely as "South Wind," and is more real. There have been moments in its leisurely perusal when I have said that Mr. Priestley was an author all dressed up with nowhere to go, by which I meant an urbane, intelligent, humorous, witty, eloquent, and perceptive writer who has not yet come seriously to grips with his art. But that he is a writer of exuberant talent who dwarfs most of his contemporaries, who can tell a good yarn which proves in the end to have been a cleverly constructed net to catch his most profound and his lightest feelings about life, that he can create astonishingly lively people and record delightfully the natural scene—of all this there can be no doubt.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

Toward Decent Housing

Slums, Large Scale Housing and Decentralization. Volume III. Published by The President's Conference on Home Building and Home Ownership, Commerce Building, Washington, D. C. $1.15.

MOST of the committees of the President's Conference on Home Building and Home Ownership reported ways of elaborating and perpetuating the past bankrupt methods of land subdivision and house-building, financing and selling. They neglected or dodged the fundamental housing problem—that is how to produce any modern type of shelter for those fifty million urban dwellers who cannot now be decently housed.

The Committee on Large Scale Housing, on the other hand, offered a new technique. In concise and definite terms it proposed the scrapping of pre-machine, individualistic methods. It would replace them by mass production that will take advantage of the economies of machine and factory procedure to produce complete integrated communities. This is to be done on the basis of sound investment rather than speculation. Thus housing will be modernized and costs and rentals lowered. But the committee does not claim that these methods in themselves are sufficient to make modern housing available to all the lower-income groups.

Two other reports indicate the fields in which the greatest need exists for large-scale housing: in the replacement of blighted areas or the building of new industrial communities. The report on Decentralization of Industry shows that the production of dwellings is an essential element in such decentralization. It neglects to note that housing for most industrial workers has not been and cannot be carried on on a self-supporting basis.

The Committee on Blighted Areas and Slums would replace these economic and social liabilities by large-scale replanning and rebuilding of whole districts. Although it admits the need of devising a suitable means of supplementing the financial resources of private enterprise with governmental aid, it has no definite suggestion to make. Like all the other committees that have given any thought as to how to care for those who now live in the slums, it is baffled by the problem. It is only able to suggest that these districts may be salvaged for the use of higher economic groups—and "present occupants of slum dwellings will be able to find suitable accommodations elsewhere." It is with this type of faith in a housing Santa Claus that American reformers have always dodged the fundamental problems of finding decent shelter for the low-income wage-earners.

CLARENCE S. STEIN

"He That Endureth"

Between White and Red. By Erich Dwinger. Translated from the German by Marion Saunders. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.75.

WHETHER regarded as a human document, as a history, or as a work of art—if by art we mean able writing which intensifies for us the reality of persons and happenings described and moves us by its truth and power—this chronicle is an achievement of importance. Of all the war books it is the most impressive, the most terrifying, and, one should add, the most vividly illustrative of the immeasurable folly which overtook the world during the fatal August of 1914 and is yet far from dissipated. More specifically, Mr. Dwinger's book deals with the epic of the German war prisoners in Russia who, unable to return to the fatherland, are caught up in the vast Siberian conflict between the Reds and the Whites, taking sides with one or the other as circumstance dictates, but, for the most part, having no real interest in either. Their one thought, after six years of unspeakable horror, is to return to their wives and children, from whom they are separated by time and space, and they do not even know if they are alive. Their one slender thread of hope enables them to endure almost incredible sufferings: cruelty, torture, hunger, intense cold; the sight of other human beings subjected to the most terrible punishments and degradation at the hands of sadistic monsters; or, still worse, being themselves forced to inflict horror on human beings they know to be innocent of any wrong.

The dilemma for the alien warrior drawn into this fraternal death-grapple is a fearful one. The author is with the Whites; but it hardly matters on which side you are. Woe betide you if you are caught by the other! If you are lucky enough to escape you are moved by accumulated reservoirs of hatred to inflict like horrors on your enemy, if you only manage to catch him. That is what you live for. Men of this type are the fortunate ones. What of the sensitive, tender-hearted men who, like the author, find it almost unbearable to inflict pain on another human being? Such men are eternally at the breaking point; yet they too learn "how much one can stand." For, in the final analysis, courage is the saving grace. On the other hand, there is the inevitable effort to find a meaning in it all; for one may suffer for an ideal, the chronicler says, but how find a meaning in sheer futility, on so colossal a scale? The author's pathetic visit to the insane asylum, where German war prisoners are confined, sounds almost symbolic:

> Several of these creatures are crawling about on their stomachs, barking like dogs, or mewing like cats. One of them comes toward us in the posture of a Christ, with arms uplifted in blessing. "May the Lord bless you and keep you, may the Lord . . ."

And an old comrade "is still saying the same words he used to mutter in camp—the very same!" No, there is not so much difference, after all, between these creatures and the sane ones outside.

The long narrative gives the impression of a colossal nightmare, of mass insanity without an asylum; relieved by unfor-

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gettable touches of love, pathos, and pity. The episodic content of this volume is terrific; it is impossible to go into it here. Incidentally, there is an unusual portrait of Kolchak who, betrayed by the Allies, is represented as having been more sinned against than sinning. Two million corpses lie in Siberian soil because of European intervention; perhaps the Allied diplomats and generals think the result worth while.

JOHN COURNOS

Shorter Notices

Isabel. By Gerald Gould. Brewer, Warren and Putnam. $2.

A noted English critic in his first novel tries to establish that his heroine after whom the novel is named is a compound of beauty, wit, and understanding, as most Lady Bountifuls-of-the-bedside presumably are. He establishes that she is beautiful, for the reader cannot see her. But her wit is never demonstrated and her understanding appears moronic and profoundly irritating. High mucky-mucks in the financial world marry her or blow their brains out for her, or want her for themselves, which is asking too much. A very tiresome novel for a noted English critic to have written.

The Sonnets of Petrarch. Translated by Joseph Auslander. Longmans, Green and Company. $2.50.

Love Rimes of Petrarch. Translated by Morris Bishop and Decorated by Alison Mason Kingsbury. Ithaca: The Dragon Press. $1.50.

It is interesting to compare these two books. Mr. Auslander's is, of course, much the more ambitious, and for the most part a very good translation of all of the sonnets of Petrarch. Mr. Bishop has translated only a handful of the sonnets and a few longer "rimes." But always if one compares the translation of Mr. Auslander with that of Mr. Bishop one finds that Mr. Bishop has held closer to the simplicity of diction and older manner of phrasing to be found in the original. These lines will illustrate Mr. Auslander's:

> What miracle it is when on the grass
> She sits like some white flower, or to her brave
> Unsullied bosom will some green spray press!
> How sweet, when April trembles from the grave,
> To watch her, with her own thoughts, solely pass,
> Weaving a garland in her hair's gold wave!

These, Mr. Bishop's:

> It is a miracle, when in the grass
> Like a flower she sits! Or when her candid breast
> Is crushed against a bush, without her care!
> How sweet it is, in Spring to see her pass
> Alone, and by her lovely thoughts caressed,
> Weaving a circlet for her golden hair!

Mr. Auslander's language and imagery are more modern and, in general, more lush; Mr. Bishop keeps the slightly archaic flavor of language and uses no elaborate images whatever—nor, for the most part, did Petrarch. Mr. Auslander's attempt is, of course, to give Petrarch to the modern reader, to make this reader appreciate both Petrarch's passion and his poetic facility. Mr. Bishop's book, beautifully printed and charmingly illustrated by Alison Mason Kingsbury, seems to be more of a labor of love written for personal delight.

The Samaritans of Molokai. The Lives of Father Damien and Brother Dutton Among the Lepers. By Charles J. Dutton. Dodd, Mead and Company. $3.

Father Damien was a young Belgian missionary priest in Hawaii when he heard of the horrible conditions at the leper colony, and obedient to a self-sacrificing impulse, did what no other man then dared to do—went to work among them. His ministrations were chiefly physical. With energy unbroken by the disease with which he was soon infected, he built shelters for the lepers, prepared their food, dressed their sores, and put the colony in order. Brother Dutton, an American obsessed by a sense of sin, became a convert to Catholicism for the consolations its systems of penances offered. He was in his forties when he sailed to Molokai, worked for three years with Damien, and carried the work on after Damien's death. He died at the age of eighty-seven and, more careful than Damien, never caught the disease. Their careers are a remarkable evidence of the happiness and peace that come to some types of men through devotion to others. The book is interesting, but too much space is given to Dutton's early life, which could have been spared for a more detailed and more interesting account of how, under the care of Damien and Dutton, the colony turned from "a living hell" into one of the finest curative resorts in the world.

Home Is the Sailor. By Ruth Blodgett. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

On the warp of a slightly sentimental love story Miss Blodgett has woven a picturesque pattern of life in a Maine coast town from which the glory of clipper days has departed. In Mattamiskeag, known to its denizens as "The Gig," the filling station has replaced the rope-walk, and mustard and tansy flourish where the "Yellow Rocket" was launched. But Madam Grey, who took the signal halyard off the mizzen pin-board to hoist up "Mutiny aboard," is still alive at eighty-seven, and Quint Gray, once navigator on the China sea, is now skipper of the little river steamer. The E-Greys look down a bit on their blood relations, the A-Grays, and that is one reason why there are ripples on the course of true love for Madam's granddaughter, Elaine, and Quint's son, Alan. What holds one's interest in the Cranfordesque chronicle is not so much the story as the digressions. Miss Blodgett is a friend of her characters, never confusing quaintness with caricature, and her humor has no sting.

The Square Root of Valentine. By Berry Fleming. W. W. Norton and Company. $2.50.

A moderately humorous fantasy about a clerk's search after "beauty" and "knowledge" in the streets of New York. Some of it reminds one of Norman Douglas's "In the Beginning"; some of it reminds the reader of any number of "escape" novels.

Films

Madness from Hollywood

WHEN the Marx brothers are in a picture, the picture is all in the Marx brothers. This means more than their own prominence. They could not, of course, be in a picture without making themselves its heart and soul, its center of interest. But it means that the other people with whom they surround themselves, though in the picture, are not of it. This is a pity. It makes the peculiar brand of lunacy which these gifted actors have made their own lose some of its point. It makes it appear as the mere antics of funny men, as pure clowning, where it could have been something far more interesting, a lunacy run riot and setting its entire little world on its head.

There is a suggestion of such lunacy in the opening scene of "Horse Feathers" (Rialto Theater). Groucho as the newly installed president of a college, after addressing the students on

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the benefits of education in his inimitable vein, breaks into a dance, and the entire faculty of solemn and bewhiskered professors follows suit in the mock style of a finale of a musical comedy. But the situation is not followed up. The students remain mere spectators in a show, and the professors are never given another chance to indulge in a few jolly capers of their own. Imagination staggers at the thought of what the campus life would have been like, had Groucho conducted a course on love with the expert assistance of the college widow who figures in the story, creating perhaps a few more widows from among the professors' wives; had Harpo been appointed to the combined professorship of dog-catching and harp-playing; and had Chico been made the head of the college speakeasy and a professor of bootlegging. But the Marx family makes no attempt to put college education on a sound basis. Instead it engages in a series of escapades which, mad and highly amusing as they are, do not amount to much more than just delightful fooling. Harpo's gags come off perhaps best of all. His method of catching dogs with the help of a butterfly net and a variety of portable lamp-posts to suit dogs of different sizes, and his drive around the football field in a garbage man's cart looking for all the world like a chariot driver of ancient Rome, are two of his happiest conceits. But I wish for once he had left out his solo number on the harp. It may be fine music, and it may be perfectly in its place in a vaudeville act, but it does not belong in a picture like "Horse Feathers." In fact, the main flaw in all Marx brothers pictures, if one can be so ungrateful as to pursue this subject, is the inability of these unique comedians to think of the film as being essentially different from the vaudeville stage.

"American Madness" (Mayfair Theater) also deals with madness, but of a different kind. The film relates the story of a bank conducted by an extremely able, honest, and likable president, but brought to the very brink of ruin when exaggerated reports of its losses cause the panic-stricken public to make a run on its funds. The story is sheer propaganda for the banks, and in some of its episodes falls short of the plausible, but it is skilfully told, capably acted, particularly by Walter Huston as the president, and directed with real distinction by Frank Capra. The scene of the run on the bank is film art at its best.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY

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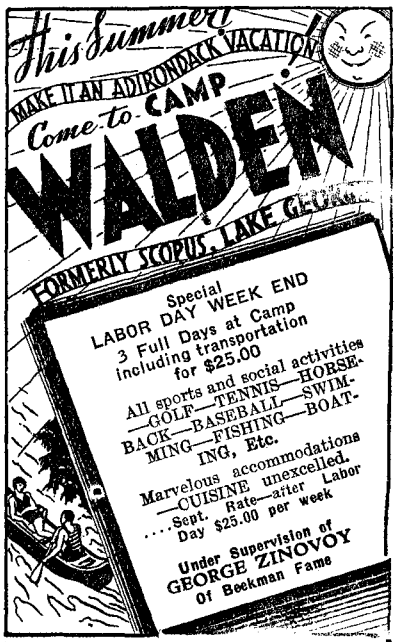

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